



The FENIAN BRIGADE.

Air : Red, White and Blue.

O ye, Sons of Green Erin, assemble,
And join in the battle's array !
The usurpers and traitors shall tremble,
When they see the Brigade in the fray.
Go, march to the battle-field proudly,
Nor e'en let your march be delayed,
Till the English fly in terror before you,
When charged by the Fenian Brigade.

Chorus : When charged by the Fenian Brigade,
When charged by the Fenian Brigade ;
Till the English fly in terror before you,
When charged by the Fenian Brigade !

Old Granna has looked o'er the ocean,
And heard the fierce bugle of Mars ;
And the strength of her heart's high devotion
Was roused for the Stripes and the Stars ;
Now she raises her voice loud as thunder..
That voice which was always obeyed..

Saying : Boys, cut the English asunder,
With the swords of your Fenian Brigade !

Chorus : With the swords of your Fenian Brigade,
With the swords of your Fenian Brigade ;
Saying : Boys, cut the English asunder,
With the swords of your Fenian Brigade !

In view of the guilt and the treason,
The people of Ireland still sigh..
Let us up and defend them in season,
And bring back the joy to their eye ;
Bear the Emerald Green proudly o'er you :
Let the English at your might be dismayed :
And the trumpet of fame shall sound loudly
The praise of the Fenian Brigade !

Chorus : The praise of the Fenian Brigade,
The praise of the Fenian Brigade ;
And the trumpet of fame shall sound
loudly
The praise of the Fenian Brigade !

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